VEX

Victor Aleman

VEX - APRIL 1981

This paper is dedicated to ERIC CECKA,
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Special thanks to England Bill & Fish,
for without their support and inspiration
this could never have become a reality, &
to Denise and John and James.

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NOTES:

This is the first and most probably the only issue of VEX to be published. I am in a transient state, as is most everything these days and to remain here feigning contentment seems rather futile. Most everyone is so concerned with fucking trivialities like who's screwing who, who's gay, who's wearing what, it's so unnecessary and destructive. One goal of VEX is to aid in promoting UNITY. "We don't have the fucking slightest idea what unity is. You can be apathetic or decadent, you can be anything you want, but in honest language, that's just failure...This rock & roll biz is a bad example of human life. Everybody fucks everybody. Everybody hustles everybody. Everybody clings by their teeth to the opportunity to be one up on the next person, so they can lay down their rotting guilt-complexes on the people who struggle under them. They dominate and coldly kill weaker people's dreams. Which is not forgivable. You know lots of enlishtened, 'free-thinking' people (sic). You think you have loyal friends and loyal lovers but actually you don't have anyone. You are different from them all, because you want to trade emotions as well, but your enlightened friends either crushed or lost sight of their 'souls', this human thing, this emotional quality which is the base feeling of this species of ours. This quality is the sole weapon of good over evil, and so they can be over self-conscious, 'artists', and ignore all this. They can put this quality to sleep or death. And when they do this, their expression becomes meaningless to all but zombies like themselves. They simply exist. Their music is as expressive as some old wino in they alley, yelping poetry into the night air. They have given up. They backed out and took the easy road. Everybody is born to help this species, but they found it easier to JUST NOT CARE...They chose to be the sheep and not the shepard. The greatest crime I can imagine is that many of these people do often pull down the hearts of the few who aspire to greater deeds than survival, of the honest men and women who give their trust only to be surrounded by treachery. And so it goes on, except that an even fewer number of us are 'aware'. And being 'aware', we show total suspicion for all. We are both moral and primitive, and we cannot be hustled and we cannot be killed. The few who realize this struggle and chose to help the weaker ones are the strongest people on earth. They can race with the Devil and know that they can win. There's always been a war. You are at war right now." Think about it..

CENSORED

by order of Alexander Haig

P.S. At this very moment, at paramilitary camps on the edge of the Everglades, Somozistas and Cubans undergo "war-games", training for invasion of their homelands. Think about why and leave me the fuck alone.

PROSE -

JUST ONE BLOW OR STRIPPING 4 PROFIT

Dancing on stage naked for us and she was in control. I was in a trance, watching her, and worse yet I wanted to be her. Once off the stage she asked me for a tip which I gladly gave to her. I found out later her name was as ficticious as the Lone Ranger. Her name was Jewel and I believed her.

Now it's me on stage and I'd rather not be; Not for reasons a lot of people think when they think of a stripper: shame, embarrassment - I've never felt either. Now I'm bored with the whole thing.

Stripping is a rat-trap; there seems to be no escape. I know women who have been stripping for 30 years - they still think they have it. I dread that...

At work I am handed a gram of coke by a customer. I submerge into the dressing-combo-toilet room to get high. The dancers are all over me begging me for "just one blow." I dump it on the table and line it up. I snort the most and leave the rest for the vultures.

Back in the club I sit with the disgusting but generous man who just gave me the blow. I order a marguerita which he gladly puts six bucks out for. We smile at each other and I make small talk, anything except small talk would scare him off. He asks me if I will go out with him tonight and tells me he will make it worth my while. I tell him I'll let him know later. We have a few drinks, watch the girls, snort more coke and he tips me about fifty dollars. When he asks me again if I will go out I smile and I tell him I have to make a phone call, then ask for more coke. Once again I submerge into the dressing room, only one vulture this time. But wait, it's the one the creep's been eyeing. I tell myself there is money to make here. While playing up to this girl with my coke, I tell her there is a man who is a friend I've known for a long time and he has lots of coke and money. This interests her and I tell her I will set them up and to wait in the dressing room. I go back out to the man and tell him I'm sorry and that I can't go out tonight, but the blond he's been eyeing can. She wants some money now so that if he fails to come back tonight she wouldn't have waited for nothing. He agrees, gives me $50 for her and $20 for myself and additional coke. Back in the dressing room I give the girl $15 and some coke and tell her to wait for him at 7:00. Time to dance. Another day, another dollar.

-Denise

EXPLANATION!! by Bill Pugh

Words strung together for no reason
reason of none fascination outwardly
looking inward forward looking
behind continuously all the time
without reason with the reason to
need non-reasoning with out
explanation.

JOANNA -by Fish

Socialists, anarchists, infidels and revolutionists
threadbare bunch - ;
say good night to the darkness
my darlings.
Smoke a lot of yellow hash and
make some ugly boy laugh.
You are not alone, sweet Joanna.
Socialists, anarchists, infidels and assasins
threadbare coven - ;
if ever two were one, well
that's no fun.
Don't mention what you think
Who gives a shit?
Nobody's really alone, sweet Joanna.
Socialists, anarchists, infidels and revolutionists
threadbare bunch - ;
where is the dirty old maid?
she went home
Watching TV with the light on is
the Tuesday thing to do.
It won't leave you alone, sweet Joanna.
Socialists, anarchists, infidels and assasins
threadbare crew - ;
It's always four A.M.
cutie pie
The balcony's are empty cause
all the Romeos went gay.
Alone is not so ugly, sweet Joanna.

Fish

You are fishy
No one told you how much poison you cause
in several tired indecent hearts
You know hearts
These days are cheap
your spare time likewise my DEAR...
The conflict (if there is one) is too subtle
It's bracing and crying on some bastard's
second hand beige outfit
Oh! How they all wish that they had an outfit
like yours
the soullessness of neon signs
upon a clean white parliament life

-Patti

EDITORIAL

BY: BILL PUGH

I'VE LISTENED TO THE REVOLUTIONARY TALK/LYRICS FOR THE PAST FOUR YEARS AND MUSICALLY A LOT OF GOOD HAS COME OUT OF IT. WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT HERE IS NOT THE CHANGE WITHIN A RELATIVELY SMALL ASPECT OF THE MUSIC INDUSTRY, WHAT I WANT TO DEAL WITH IS THE REVOLUTION THAT'S BEING CLAIMED. MAYBE I MISSED SOMETHING SOMEWHERE - NO DOUBT A LOT WILL SAY SO IN AN ATTEMPT TO PRESERVE THEIR INSECURE SELF IMAGE - BUT EVEN THE WORDS WHICH TALK OF HOLLOW WORDS APPEAR TO BE HOLLOW IN THEMSELVES. I'VE LISTENED TO BANDS DENOUNCING ALL THAT HAS GONE BEFORE AND AFTER ONE OR TWO ALBUMS JUMPING RIGHT IN, SHEDDING THEIR FORMER HUNGRY REVOLUTIONARY STANCE FOR ONE OF A WELL-FED, MIDDLE-CLASS, PSEUDO-POLITICO POSITION. I'VE NO PERSONAL DISLIKE OF THE LATTER, AFTER ONE HAS THE CHANCE TO BECOME ACLIMATED TO THIS WAY OF LIFE OVER THE YEARS. IT JUST SOMEHOW APPEARS TO BE A WASTE OF ENERGY, ENERGY WHICH, IF THERE WAS TO BE SOME UNITY IN THE FORMER MODE OF THOUGHT, COULD BE OF SOME BENEFIT. I CAN'T HELP BUT FIND THE SO CALLED MUSICAL REVOLUTION SHALLOW BECAUSE OF ITS SELF-CLAIMED DEPTH. I'VE STOOD AROUND OUTSIDE OF CLUBS LISTENING TO THE CONVERSATIONS OF PEOPLE WHO WOULD LIKE TO CONSIDER THEMSELVES RADICAL AND LAUGHED. THEY COULDN'T BE MORE IN SUPPORT OF THE SYSTEM IF THEY TRIED - BITCHING ABOUT WHO'S WEARING WHAT AND WHO'S SLEEPING WITH WHO, ETC. I HAVE MORE ADMIRATION FOR IDI AMIN, CHARLIE MANSON, OR A SKINHEAD AT THE MOMENT HE SHOVES HIS BOOT IN A PAKISTANI'S BALLS - NOT THAT I CONDONE RACIAL VIOLENCE, UNLESS IT IS JUSTIFIED IN SUCH CASES AS THE GHETTO RIOTS - BUT ATLEAST THE MINDLESS SKINHEAD HAS ENOUGH SENSE TO IMPLEMENT A PLAN AND TAKE ACTION TO PUT HIS BOOT WHERE SOMEONE ELSE'S MOUTH IS. SONGS ABOUT FUCKING SOCIETY IN THE ASS WITHOUT A LUBRICANT ARE GREAT BUT WHEN THAT IS ALL THEY ARE THE WHOLE THING BECOMES FUTILE. SOCIETY STILL PUSHES YOU AROUND TELLING YOU WHERE YOU CAN SEE THE BANDS YOU WANT TO SEE. IF YOU GET OUT OF HAND THEY'LL CLOSE THE CLUB; THEN WHAT WILL YOU DO, SIT AT HOME OR HANG OUT AT A COFFEE SHOP UNTIL ANOTHER VENUE OPENS UP? SEEMS LIKE THE ONLY CLUBS THAT'LL BE AVAILABLE TO SEE SO-CALLED ALTERNATIVE MUSIC IN OVER A LONG PERIOD OF TIME WILL BE THE LARGER ONES DUE TO THE FACT THAT SOME OF THE SMALLER PLACES USUALLY END UP GETTING TRASHED BY THE AUDIENCE. ANY REVOLUTIONARY FERVOR MANIFESTING ITSELF THROUGH THE AUDIENCE REACTION IS USUALLY SELF-CENTERED AND SELF-DESTRUCTIVE, I.E. MEMBERS OF OPPOSING FACTIONS BEATING ON EACH OTHER. NOTHING IS WRONG WITH ANY OF THE AFORE-MENTIONED; IT ONLY BECOMES WRONG WHEN CLAIMING TO BE SOMETHING MORE THAN THAT.

Punk rockers: Credo of pain in Huntington Beach

"I want to be dead
in bed,
please kill me,
cause that would thrill me."
— Frank Zappa, in a satire of punk rock called "Trying to Grow a Chin."

By Rip Rense
Herald Examiner staff writer

Monsters roam the streets of Huntington Beach.

They have blue lips and purple hair, wear swastikas on their arms, carry razor blades and revel in pain, hatred and blood. Some slice their chests and limbs for pleasure, others roll in the glass of broken bottles. And they are on the attack.

"They" are boys and girls turned "punker."

"We have identified three punk-rock gangs," said Huntington Beach Police Lt. Jim Walker. "They are 'The Crowd,' 'The Outsiders,' and 'The Slashers.' ... They feel a strong allegiance to Charlie Manson and Hitler."

Punk rock is no longer a musical phenomenon — if it ever was. It is now an excuse for horror.

Young people across the country have been affecting the fearsome punk look for some time. Curiously, the only reports of punk "gangs" to date come from the mostly middle-class community of Huntington Beach and adjacent cities.

There, thousands of teen-agers are dying their hair bizarre colors, opting for death-shades of make-up, and are sticking pins in their cheeks "for fun." Only about 100, however, are causing trouble.

Yet those few have left families in certain portions of Huntington Beach gripped in fear of "punkers" — hard-core devotees of punk rock and the credo "— everything," according to police.

Lately, there have been signs of that fear turning to anger — and possibly reprisal.

Last spring it seemed innocent enough, a few punk hairdos and clothes showed up in some high school classes. Then the few turned to a few hundred ranging in age from 12 to 30, and the "innocence" turned ugly. Consider these police reports:

- A girl who ventured into the territory of a punk gang to buy a sandwich was cut and bruised in a shower of beer bottles thrown by a crowd of 30 screaming punkers.
- A teen-age boy confronted by several punkers was forced to cut a swastika on his leg with a bent paper clip.
- Two frenzied teen-age girls doing a "dance" called "The Worm" rolled in broken beer bottles to the accompaniment of punk-rock music. One suffered a punctured lung.
- Graffiti including "Death To Huntington Beach Pigs" and "Sid Vicious Lives" is rampant, with damage estimated in the tens of thousands of dollars.
- A family called police to report two punkers having sexual intercourse on their front lawn in the middle of the day. When the family came home the following day, their house had suffered more than $3,000 in vandalism.
- A young man stopped for a traffic violation was asked by a Huntington Beach police officer for "identifying marks or scars." The youth pulled out a razor blade, cut his chest from shoulder to waist, and said "I've got a scar."

Rampaging crowds of punkers routinely vandalize houses and business establishments, police said. Strong-arm extortion is growing in the five Huntington Beach high schools. And those people not intimidated by the wild kids are planning to strike back.

"What's happening, I think, is that people are starting vigilante groups," said one parent, who canceled a move to a new home after punkers literally destroyed the interior.

The parent, who asked not to be identified for fear of punk retaliation, told of a backlash coiling in middle- and upper-middle-class homes.

"I know of several people who are getting guns. They are not going to play 'Gunsmoke' with them, but they're not going to have an infant child run down in the streets, either. Somebody will be hurt before this is over."

A community meeting last Tuesday night drew 102 frightened parents plus six punkers who claimed to not be affiliated with "hard core" groups.

Investigators claim this is not the case — photos of the six and scores of other punkers in full swastika-laden regalia are on file with Huntington Beach Police. Officers are stopping, photographing and interviewing any persons in the area "who look punk."

"We're having a particular problem with a group of radical punkers," said Sgt. Ron Jenkins. "If we stop people and take their picture because they look like members of this group, well, that's life in the big city."

Walker also defended the photo program and emphasized that it is a "small group raising hell with us" and said not every person in Huntington Beach who dresses like a punker is being photographed. Even local punk-rock bands, he said, "don't like what's going on."

"There appears to be no provocation for the violence," he said. "That's when we got involved — when the masochism turned to sadism."

The use of LSD and PCP is common among the hard-core punkers, Walker said, but added that many appear to be "stone sober," even during acts of self-inflicted pain.

Why?

"The whole gimmick seems to be to see how much pain they can tolerate," Walker said. "We had a couple in jail here not long ago, and the only rationale they could give us was that their philosophy was '— everything.' Their graffiti leaves out no one, from blacks to Jews to whites.

"To me, it's beyond logic. I have no rationale to explain why anyone would do that," Jenkins said. "I don't know, unless it's boredom — it's getting so that when a kid burglarizes a place, there's no challenge in it anymore."

The anonymous parent, who has had a good deal of first-hand experience with punkers at a Huntington Beach high school campus, said much of the problem stems from parents who either "don't give a damn" or actually condone the activity.

A girl who is a junior at Edison High School — the school with the largest punker population in Huntington Beach — said her mother "thinks some of the costumes are neat.

"Just come down here if you want to find out about punkers," she said. "I'd say there are about 300 here. You know, like one guy with a red 'V' dyed on the top of his head, and people showing up with different-colored tennis shoes."

Her girlfriend interrupted:

"My ex-boyfriend's brother went punk, and he cuts himself. I think it's sort of like a religious thing."

Principal Philip Gross acknowledged the presence of about 200 punker students, but said they are "not into what I think is the essence of the whole thing — the violence."

He said the punker problems on campus center on the recent appearance of a small amount of graffiti, and he stressed that there have not been any acts of punk-related violence at Edison.

Despite this, Gross said no punk-rock bands will be allowed to play at school dances or other activities as a precaution.

And police will continue their "precautionary" measures, compiling dossiers on suspected hard-core punks — something they still are not sure they can even define.

"I'm a 40-year-old cop, and I still haven't gotten out of Buddy Holly," said Jenkins. "I've never listened to any of this punk rock. I knew about Sid Vicious killing his girlfriend, then killing himself, but that's about all.

"You know, I've been asked 'what is a punk rocker?' and I still don't know."

Perhaps a certain blond, blue-eyed girl flag-twirler at Edison High has a better idea:

"All they do is walk around campus and give you hateful stares," she said, her flag lowered following an after-school practice.

"I think the punkers are here mainly because most of the people who get recognition in high school are the big rah-rah football player-types. The funny clothes and stuff is the punkers' way of getting attention.

"At least that's what they told us in leadership class."

FASCISM IN AMERIKA

-By Terri

Fascism is becoming more and more evident in our everyday lives - we're subjected to it from many sources and ways on top of battling it within ourselves. Let me explain. The punk movement (it could have been any variation from the norm but in this case it was punk) leaves us much more vulnerable to harrassment based with fascist motivation. The desire to criticize is always present and by choosing an atypical way of expressing ourselves and entertaining ourselves we're subjected to being the target of oppressive viewpoints all the more. Our waitress at a restaurant, the management of any entertainment facility, bosses, neighbors, fellow workers and now even the passerby (not to mention the obvious - the upholders of justice and law: the police, court, leaders and the entire political suppression of our country. Society never has (and never will) be able to accept or even tolerate any deviation from the norm: behavior, ideas (ideals?), opinions, dress, etc., etc. and this, what they can not understand and come to terms with they try to supress by domination in the eventual (unrealistic) hope of stamping out completely. If they consciously realize they cannot stamp out these "mutants" then we can reasonably assume they want to push them aside (sweep them under the carpet, so to speak) with all their views, opinions and actions to forget the problems they may bring about. You know, just like the rich (elite) hate to hear about the problems of the poor (welfare, unemployment, social security) so they simply seclude themselves from the problem. Ah yes, that will never solve it or make it go away. Repression continues and increases the problem, creating bitterness and rebellion leaving the situation teetering on the verge of some extremely unpleasant cival insurrection - thus fascism of an application in this text. But also...maybe it is human nature. We must also admit that although there are many apparent differences, we, in turn, do not accept others with different ideas than us, dress, opinions and lifestyles. We speak of revolt and change but in the manner I hear of them spoken about they would eventually bring about suppression of others, the ones now aggravated by and harrassing us. "Society as we know it is never going to change without a violent revolution because the big businessmen have got the army and police on their side and they'll shoot first. But don't let them con us into thinking violence is fun either. They love it when they see white kids stabbing black kids and burning old Jewish ladies to death because it saves them the trouble, and because they're safe so long as we're fighting each other." It would, I repeat, be different for us, because we would still be seeking a better way, one we choose rather than following the norm because we had been subjected to that alone, or because it was chosen for us. This is what I meant when referring to fighting off fascism within ourselves. What is the answer? Well, of the two choices I go with my original choice: dedication to social change, a better way, a deviation from society as it is now, without selling out, without meaninglessly just accepting, going hand in hand with living. We must try not to let ourselves get too idealistic but even if not much is changed in our lifetimes and the system and society with all its repression does not take a strong turn-about, I would rather continue as an outcast fighting off fascist like dominance yet knowing I wasn't falling into the corruption and meaningless existence of normal society, knowing I hadn't compromised my ideals than to accept a given formula and exist from birth to death with nothing between - missing it all and never catching on.

DE PRESENTS

GOD is NOW

wash this out of your life

Twist and Shout

BLACK FLAG

ALL AGES

FRI. OCT. 24

UXA

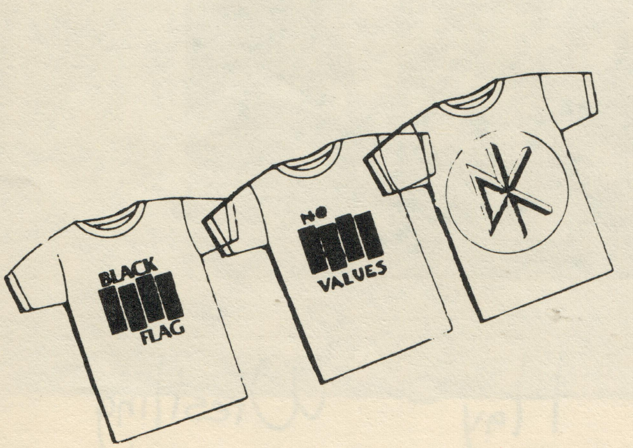
ADOLESENTS

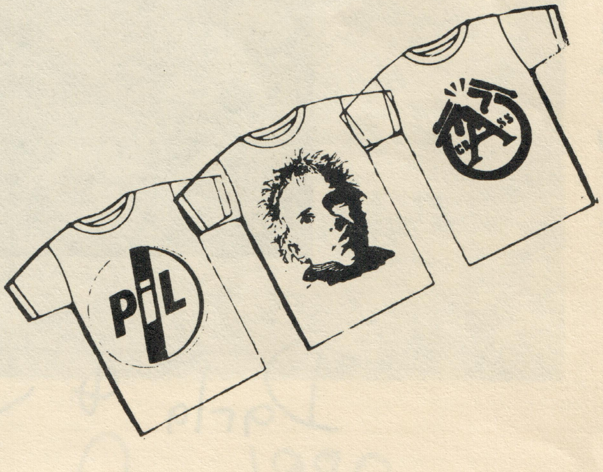
SCREWS

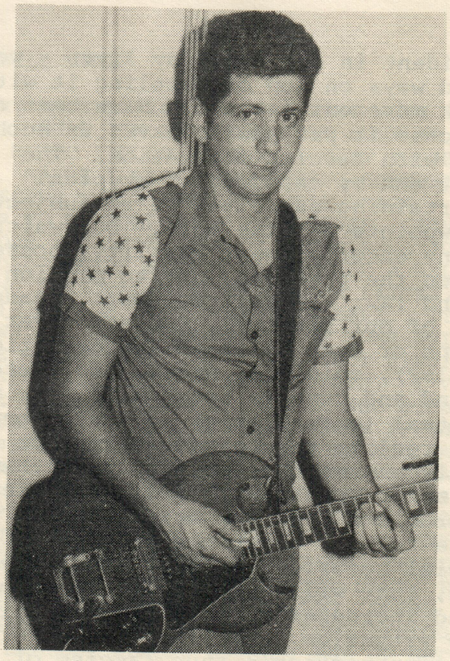
& CREEPY CRAWL - A SLUMBER PARTY

at Baces Hall

door open at 8:00 PM

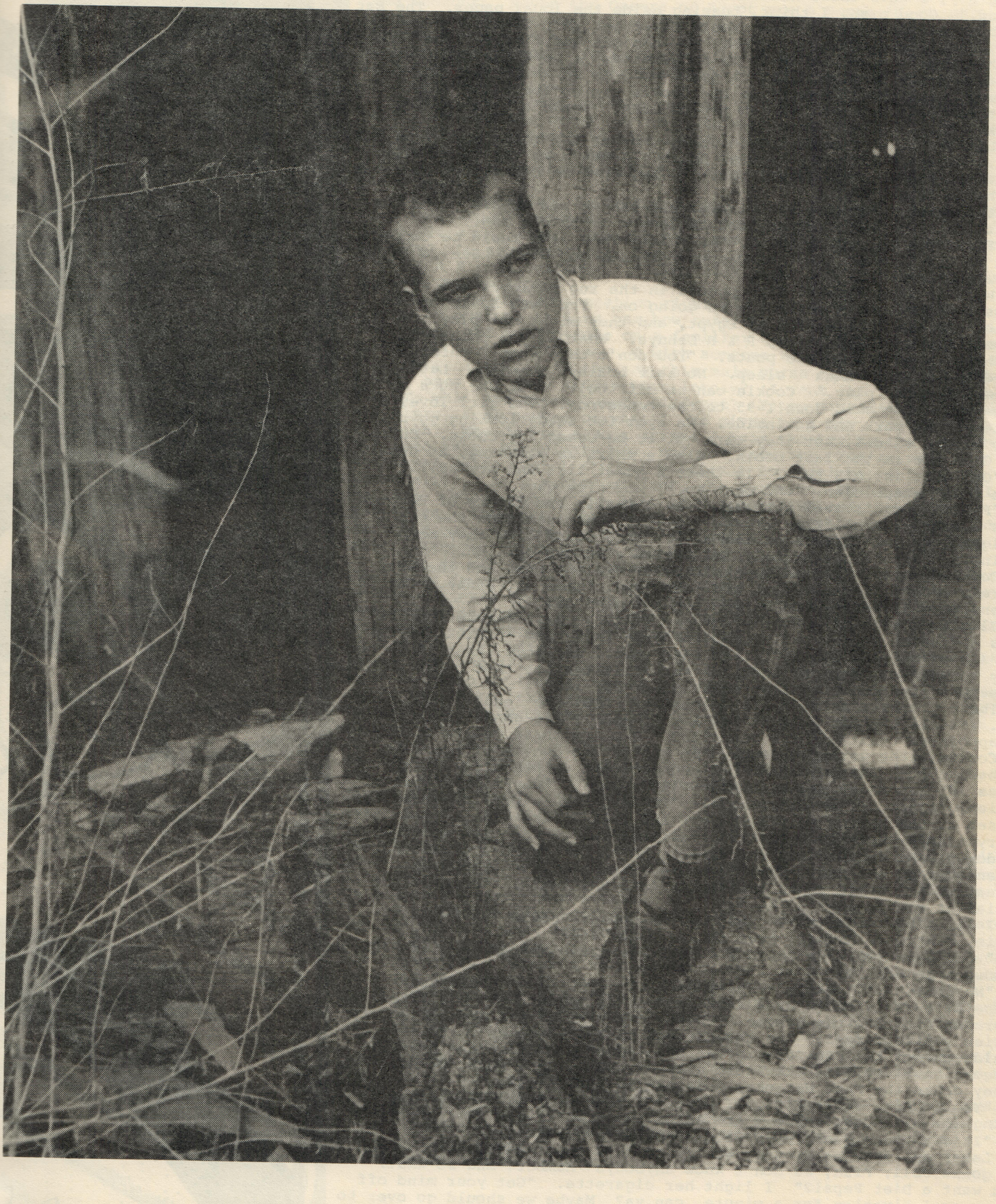






Eddie Obrien & Guitar

Darla & Jimmy Hay - "Wrestling"



by: E. Waltzer

Checker in Santa Monica, Ca. - 1980

Oh Boy, I love these headlines "Dwarf Woman Killed Trying To Aid Friend." Good omen, I think, tossing aside the local paper. The Eat are playing tonight. Dwarfs should never get into fights. Strapping on my Patti Smith watch I retch. Why did she hafta marry Fred 'Sonic' Smith? Fred's about as sonic as a Chevette. I need the Eat tonight. The rock world is crumbling. A quick call to Chris Cottie, the Eat drummer, checking to see if me and Cookie are on the guest list. "Get off this fucking phone. I can pay no more. There's a conspiracy." Click. The line goes dead.

What the hell? Conspiracy? Jees, the Eat and their political bullshit. Oh well, I'll try Pepe's house. Gotta make the guest list. "My uncle has a green pencil box..." Aw, come on Eddie, cut the crap. "Fish, is that you?"

"Eddie, what fucking conspiracy? and can me and Cookie be on the guest list? I wait and the mood of danger is thick, man."

"Fish. The Queers of Egypt. No shit. This line could be tapped. Meet me and Glen at the I-95 Dennys. We may not play. See ya in an hour." Click.

"What is this shit?" She appears in the rug pullover and striped dress. "Cookie, man something is going on. That was Eddie on the phone. He said the Queers of Egypt, and they might not play. We have to meet him and Glen at the R & R Dennys. What do you think?"

She's so cute when she pouts. "You don't care what I think. I'm tired and I just wanna sleep. No hair brained schemes. Let's just go see the band play." Cookie can be difficult. But she puts on her fish-nets as we skid down I-95 to the rendevous. The girl loves a mystery. We park and go inside. We spot two seedy looking guys in wrap around shades, but they turn out to be Cuban fry cooks. Eddie and Glen are in the last booth. Glen's shirt is blinding, as usual.

"Ok, what is this shit? Is there a guest list and are we...?" "Sit down" snaps Glen. "and shut up." Mr. nice guy.

"Fish", Eddie's real nervous, "There really are Queers of Egypt. It's a terrorist splinter group. They're gonna sabotage the gig tonight. We got threats in the mail. They sound like they mean business. Pepe's hysterical. We wanted a second opinion."

Cookie yawns. "I'd be more afraid of Violent Love and the Dead Whores. Nobody's gonna fuck wid yous guys. Come on, Eddie. Gas is expensive. I wanna sleep before the Eat goes on."

Glen toys with his Denny's coffee. "In the best interest of our fans and being Socratically concerned, we feel, and I think I speak for all of us at Giggling Hitler Inc. when I say this, that it is our duty to warn our fans of possible terrorist tactics that could possibly be perpetrated on or against said fans. Got it?"

The boy amazes me with his verbosity. "Cut the legal lingo, Glen Cat. Is the gig off or what? A lot of people are gonna go to bed disappointed tonite if its cancelled. Who are these Queers of Egypt?"

Cookie stops eating catsup. "So what? The Queers of Egypt is probably Scott the Lutheran. It sounds right up his alley. Who cares if the 'fans' see bloodshed. It's punk. They're all pussys." Eddie cuts her off in mid-tirade. "The Eat have always regarded the masses as the moving spirit in rock and roll. Like Engels said "for every thesis there is an antithesis; maybe we're the punk antithesis. We don't want trouble for the crowd. On the other hand crowd control is anathma to the Eat. This is a highly complex, contradictory situation." Cookie takes the napkin outa her mouth. "Sounds like socialist double talk to me."

I light her cigarette; "Shut up, ass-hole. Eddie has a point. Eddie, what does Michael have to say about it?"

" ood question. He found the first terrorist threat in his McChicken sandwich at work."

"No shitski," I gasp. "The Queers of Egypt have infiltrated McDee's!!! This could be a national covert operation. Well, tell us where we fit into the scheme." Eddie's giving us the near legendary Obrien cynical sneer. "We thought you girls, trendies that you are, could contact the punk contingent, feel them out about the possible dangers involved, and make sure everyone shows up. Fuck, we need the money cause the Fake National Tour really set us back."

"You fucking capitalist," I howl. I love it. You really had me going for a minute, there. Are we on the guest list?"

"It's a tough game" says Glen. "Go make some calls."

Later on, driving around, we try to draw some conclusions. "Who we gonna call, Fish, we don't know anybodys number, and so what? You want a Diet Pepsi?" I light her cigarette. "Get your mind off of my oral fixation for a minute, can ya? Maybe we should go over to Open Records and see if Leslie knows anything about the Queers of Egypt. She hears about everything."

ERS
PT
by FISH
-CZ

My Diet Pepsi is getting my pants wet. "Listen Cookie. Give this some thought. Maybe the Queers of Egypt are a South American baseball team. What do you say? They got a lot of bush league teams in Caracas. You know how into sports the Eat are. Fanatics, man. I can picture some obscure little team trying to dream up publicity and what better band to pick on than the Eat? Sports and rock and roll are so muy grande Amerikana."

Cookie just misses hitting the car in front of us. "I was just tell tellin someone the other day how profound you are. Now I just think you're crazy. A baseball team named Queers of Egypt??! You're certifiable, you know. I'm not going to Open cause I end up spending money I don't have. We should call Eric Moss and ask him. Point me to a phone booth."

Oakland Park Blvd. is no fun at six in the evening, choked with cars and carbon monoxide. The phone booth has a lizard in it. "Hi, Eric? It's me, Fish. Who are the Queers of Egypt? Is there a conspiracy? Do you anticipate trouble?"

Eric's a cool customer. "Fish, calm down. Is Cookie with you? Put her on the line."

She starts the conversation right off with a 'fuck you, Eric' so I know he must be telling her how cute she is. I lose interest in them quick and concentrate on a familiar face shuffling along the blvd. Scott the Lutheran. I wish someone would go into an epileptic fit, cause I thrill to the way this male nurse takes charge. "Hey, Scott, seen any good kiddie porn lately? I want the truth, bubba. Who or what are these Queers of Egypt? Yippy dissadents, commie splinters, seal savers or what?" He gives me a sly, knowing look.

"Fish. Why do you always assume I hold the kup to the kingdom? I'm into hair transplants now, and you know it. You're such a spiritual being that I find it difficult to corelate your split personality. As a matter of fact, the Queers of Egypt are a religious faction. They combine the best of Zoarasterism and the Jehova's Witnesses. They are a non-violent sect who worship Mary Baker Eddy as their guru and they only eat at McDonalds. Very high people, actually. Are you going to see the Eat tonight?"

I get up off the side walk and try to gather my wits. "Aw, Scott, you're my favorite. Yeah, see you there tonight." I hang up the phone on Cookie and we jump in the Dodge Vegg-a-mattic. "Cooks, everything is cool. All is made clear; lets get on down to the Eat's concert." She scowls and drives the car.

Hours later, after multiple stops, we arrive at the Sperm of the Moment bar and grill. David and Ricky, the Eat sound guys are wrestling the equipment out of the cars. Michael Obrien is hanging out. "Hey Mike, the crowd looks good. Are we on the guest list? We heard about the McChicken sandwich caper." It's hard to fluster Michael.

"Yeah. How was I to know that the Queers of Egypt pass their literature in sandwiches? Naturally I figured on some kind of conspiracy. Hey, I watched all those soap operas for a year, you know. You can start playing games in your head. Sure, you're on the list." He sips off his bud. Eddie, Glen and Chris wander up.

"Cookie, the sleeve of your dress is falling off," says Chris. "So what?" snaps Cookie. Same old shit. "Eddie, Glen, did we do good? No conspiracy or terrorists. Just some good ole time religion," I comment. "Well, this is the 80's, girls," says Eddie. "Fiction is always stranger than truth."

Cookie cracks this egg wide open. "Hey Eddie, tell me the truth; why do you play rock and roll?"

All of the Eat look at us as though we were diseased. Eddie sucks his cigaratte. "There's nothing else, now, is there? So many people only get exposed to TV, and TV is heavily censored. They can't censor my rock and roll. It's the last free-form art. Even if nobody listens you can still play what you want. Play it loud and fast. Rock and roll is the alternative to all the day to day bullshit."

Michael sighs "It's the best rush I've found so far." Glen and Chris head for the club door. Glen tosses back over his shoulder "It's the only thing that makes sense anymore."

They all dissapear through the door. I nudge Cookie in the arm. "Why didn't you ask Chris that question? Nobody ever asks Chris nuthin. I hung at a bar the other night with him and he analyzed every band to a tee."

"So what?" snaps Cookie.

ALBUMS

Since it would take me atleast 40 pages to say something about all the records I've heard over the past 6-8 months, I'm mentioning just a few that have stuck in my head. Some of them are pretty old, fuck it, that's the way I review records. I'll let Eric Moss play the stuff that comes in each week.

BY JOHNNY TOO BAD

THE POP GROUP We Are Time
Rough Trade Records

Just another funk band from England. "NO WAY". These guys mix funk and Captain Beefhart and come up with some of the greatest demented beat music since James Brown went gay.

THE SPECIALS More Specials
2 Tone Records

Who said those British ska bands are all washed up? Well you assholes listen to this album. A lot of people don't like this album because of their change in direction from ska to a more worldly music. Well that's their problem, not mine.

ADAM AND THE ANTS Kings Of the Wild Frontier Epic Records

I don't know why the British press cuts Adam down every chance they get (well maybe it's because he's such a queer and he and his band wear pirates clothes, etc. etc.) Judging from this album, Adam and his Ants have got what counts. Aside from the songs and the titles hyping the Ants (Antpeople, Ants Invasion, Antmusic) the music here is real innovative. Of course there are a few filler songs but the majority of the songs feature that "Birimba-style" drumming and catchy singing by Adam. I didn't like Adam and the Ants when they first came out but I like this new direction they're taking. Listen to the drums and fuck the lyrics.

THE FALL Grotesque
Rough Trade Records

I really don't like bands from Manchester (besides the Buzzcocks) but the Fall, well, they're fuckin great. This is their best album yet.

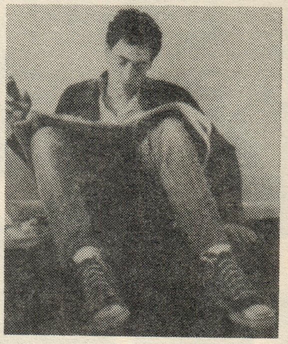
THE DECLINE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION
Slash Records

If I would have listened to this album before I went to L.A. I would have understood the scene there a lot better. This is the soundtrack from the movie of the same name. It pretty much includes the more popular hardcore L.A. bands... Its got the Circle Jerks, Black Flag and Darby, too. (thrills Ed.) I'm certain the movie comes across better than this album does and since the film isn't coming here this album will have to do. The recording is excellent and the bands kick ass throughout. There's some neat between song patter too. Big City Music at its rawest.

VELVET UNDERGROUND
Velvet Underground, Etc.
Plastic Inevitable Records-French Import

Here's something for you diehard Velvets fans (if there is such an animal). I always thought Lou Reed should have gotten hit by a bus minutes after recording "Loaded." He would have been a legend rather than a burn-out, or if Iggy got shot seconds after recording "Raw Power" wouldn't it have been great...but anyway, back to the album. The 1st side has some pre-Velvets songs that Lou recorded with various groups (the Primitives, Beachnuts, Warlocks) when he was a writer for Pickwick Records. The 1st two songs "Cycle Annie" and the "Ostrich" sound like Beach Boys on speed. "Sneaky Pete" and "You're Driving Me Insane" follow in the same vein. The 1st side closes with an Andy Warhol interview; the other side consists of outtakes the band did between the time of White Heat/White Light and their 3rd album. These bear some relationship to Velvets material; what sticks out is "I'm Sticking With You", the only song on which Maureen Tucker does vocals. You could pretend Lou's dead and really enjoy this album from a historical point of view...

"IN MY —



WALL OF
VOODOO
fpfpfpfp
Index Records

I didn't want to review this record but the editor of this rag threw in in front of me and said listen to it, you'll like it. Well, I'm not too fond of electronic bands, too arty for my numb brain, but gosh darn, those kids from L.A. are always coming up with something I can relate to. The best cut on the album is their cover of Johnny Cash's "Ring of Fire." The guitar starts off like Duane Eddy and ends with some Robert Frippisms. Pretty neat if you ask me. I think if more people used synthesizers the way this band does a) the world would be a much better place to live in b) the hungry would be fed c) wars would end, and d) the price of drugs would be cheaper!

REGGAE ALBUMS

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON
Forces of Victory
LKJ in Dub
Bass Culture

Island Records

These three albums are the best British (or Jamaican for that matter) reggae albums I-ve heard all year long. Mixed by Dennis Bovell, the mastermind behind the Slits sound on record; a must for anybody into reggae.

AUGUSTUS PABLO
Rockers Meets King Tubby
In a Firehouse

Joe Gibbs Label

THE DUB MASTER.

OPINION" SINGLES

THE URINALS I'm White and Middle Class/ I'm a Bug/Ack Ack Ack

This band is the current darlings of Flipside and Slash but that's not why I like em. I listened to them before I read the reviews anyway. I like em because I just love loud and fast garage-bands, bands that mean what they play.

THE KLAN Pushin Too Hard/Cover Girls Poshboy records

Another hardcore L.A. band from Huntington Beach who put out killer singles. Recorded in a 4 track studio somewhere in HB. I'd rather hear that than something produced on one of those 24 track recorders that look like they came off of Star Trek. Ah, back to the songs on this thing: "Pushin Too Hard" stands up to the Eat version (I like the Eat's better; Glen sings better than this guy). The real gem on this record is the B side "Cover Girls." It has to be the lowest anti-female song ever. "You're just another tuna in a sea of cunt, a horny little gash on a penis hunt." Great, great.

DANGEROUS GIRLS Safety In Numbers/ Down On the File/Jump Up and Down/Sex Happy Face records

Sounds like Pete Shelley went in the studio and recorded some Capt. Beefhart songs. Those English bands, so creative. This record's 1½ years old and still ahead of its time (whatever that means). So was Lou Reed.

AU PAIRS Diet/It's Obvious 021 Records

You wanna hear some NEW music. The Au Pairs are one of a handful of new bands (Quads, Wideboys, Life Support, Denizens, Dangerous Girls) who are doing something truly original and not rehashing the same old shit like so many bands in England nowadays. Jane Monrue, the bass player, is hot as shit. She and guitarist Lesley Woods get some really good call and response type vocals going on in "It's Obvious." What can I say, it's a fuckin great record.

THE BEAT Too Nice To Talk To/ Psychedelic Rockers Go Feet Records

The A side is great, sort of a funk-ska fusion. If the Beat keep putting songs like this out I'll keep buying their records. I think their new album is out in the U.K. with these 2 tunes on it. The B side has great sax in it too.

VOX POP Just Like Your Mom/Cab Driver Bad Trip Records

Ex-Germs drummer and some people from 45 Grave got together to make this record. When I listen to this I get into fights.

UK DECAY or My Country/Unwind Fresh Records

This way lying around for about a month and I finally listened to it. The A side stinks; the B side starts pretty neat but goes nowhere. I don't think I'll listen to it again.

VKTMS 100% White Girl/No Long Goodbyes 415 Records

The only good band from San Fransisco besides the Flamin Groovies. This is their second single and just as good as the first. (? Ed.) Straight unpretentious punk. Go get their 1st single "Midget."

BUSH TETRAS Snakes Crawl/Too Many Creeps

I see now what ruined rock and funk: testicles.

MIDDLE CLASS Home is Where/ A Blueprint For Joy/Last Touch/ Introductory Rights

These guys don't sound like they're from California. Their music is very English sounding. One of the best bands in L.A.

X White Girl/Your Phone's Off the Hook Slash Records

Too bad they're breaking up. (doubtful...-Ed.) This is the first song I really like that they've done. Real catchy Mamas & Papas type vocals.

WAH HEAT 7 Minutes To Midnight/ Don't Step On the Cracks

There's a whole crop of new bands coming out of Liverpool as of late and Wah Heat is one of the better ones. They stand out among the city's current psychedelic bands (Echo and the Bunnymen, Teardrop Explodes). They stand out because they write good catchy English sounding pop songs.

ALTHIA & DONNA Uptown Top Ranking/ Calico Strut Sire Records

The best reggae record ever - If you don't have this you don't know what reggae is all about. This record was a big hit in England in '77 but never made a dent over here. Don't know if the record's out of print or what but find one and latch on to it. Oh, the other side isn't too good.

BOBBY KALPHAT-GG ALL STARS
Something Special
Something Special (dub)

Good dub record with some great toastin.

THE 101ERS Sweet Revenge/ Rabies (from the dogs of Love)

For those of you who are still wondering about Joe Strummer's roots, here's a record that shows he wasn't a slouch before the Clash got together. About 5 years ago they released a single, "Keys To Your Heart", which didn't go anywhere (which I heard last year and really like). But now that the Clash are the last Great White Hope, the drummer decides to put this stuff out (this record being the 1st in a series). Not that it's shit or anything, it's really good actually, but this does not have anything to do with the Clash musically or lyrically (although "Sweet Revenge" musically sounds like it could have come off of London Calling or Sandinista). Since this record was released to capitalize on the recent success of the Clash, I wouldn't go in and buy this record, if you know what I mean. If you can steal it somewhere, do it, if not, spend your money on Charlie Pickett's new single!

NINA HAGEN African Reggae

Did you know that Nina Hagen comes out on stage with a black dildo strapped to her butt like a tail and an enema bag around her waist? The only reason this record is being reviewed is that Errol bought it by mistake (he saw her picture a lot and heard she liked X) and he told me to fill up space. I get to tell you that she wears black dildos and stuff like that and it's a cheap stab at reggae. (C'mon John, admit it's you who jacks off to her pictures, not me -ED).

LIVE

JOHN LENNON TRIBUTE
Bicentennial Park
February, 1981

Time magazine said the music died with John Lennon. Bullshit. Playing on the maudlin sentimentality of the middle class. Nothing died with John Lennon but a has-been legend. One of the more hideous tributes paid the man was the Lennon Be-In held in Miami, co-chaired by local promoter Eric Moss. 2000 bud charged hippies wallowing in reminiscence, it had all the ear marks of a paid mourning. Frisbee and Rite time. Some of the local bands, exhibiting the bad taste they are famous for, stayed up all the night before perfecting rancid Beatles tunes. Local teen creams, the Reactions, left the stage in disgust at the hippy hecklers. Apparently John Lennon did not embody rock and roll, only Lennon and/or stale Beatles tunes. I really admire the Reactions guts. When I say the Reactions told the crowd "fuck you" they said it for me too. The only stand out besides the Reactions were the Eat, Miami's cryptic socialist-punk mysterios. The Eat are so cryptic that they fooled the hippies and even played a Beatles tune which is one of their few songs ("It Won't Be Long") worth taking out and dusting off.

Public mourning is as old and practiced as the crime of murder itself. America inherited the self indulgent trait from her European ancestors. The impassioned reveling, the spectacle of the auto de fey. Certainly none of us should be put off by the fite by now. Violence has made it as common as eggplant. However, Sunday's death watch was merely a drunken excuse for another party. Ironically enough, John Lennon, by everything he said, sang and did, abhored just such behavior. Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do.

-FISH

REVILLOS
The Ritz, New York City
February 22, 1981

I had long ago heard the Revillos on vinyl and thought them to be an excellent pop band; therefore the prospect of seeing them play live (now as the Revillos) was quite alluring. Add to the fact that I had spent the past 4 months in the vacuum we call south Florida with the only bands I'd seen worthy of any semblance of respect being the Eat and the Reactions. (Our little interlude to L.A. only served to wet the palate and further alienate me). This was an EVENT. James and I met Daf, Cathy and Nancy outside the Ritz at the pre-arranged time. We entered the club. Amusing, to say the least! A marble staircase leads to the main level where the bands perform. A chandelier hangs directly above the huge dance-floor where various factions of the audience mingled, danced, etc., etc. Nancy and I chose to locate the nearest liquor store to score a 6-pack rather than killing the hour before "showtime" drinking $2.50 a bottle beer and viewing the latest rock videos. Getting past the door-person was a breeze and we consequently settled onto the dancefloor; I proceeded to drink my way into oblivion, occasionally amusing myself by dancing or watching "False Prophet" Stephan (a visual 'punk' version of Malcolm McDowell in A Clockwork Orange). Musically the Revillos were tight and very poppish. Watching them in their zany costumes and wrap-around sunglasses conjured up images of zerox, new-wave, neon-lit manekins presiding over the land. A joke, if it weren't for the alarming possibility of said actually occuring. In Amerika, anyway. I can not accept this music on its own terms; the band disgusts me. I see visions of dollar signs and an adoring public imitating their every move. Perhaps the joke's on me, I don't know. Guess that's what I get for anticipating FUN.

-A. LaBrea

JAMES CHANCE & THE CONTORTIONS
The Rock Lounge, N.Y.C.
February 21, 1981

Another cold New York night awaited us as Errol and I made our way through the dark streets in the hope of finding a Village Voice with the schedule of club dates. We made a wise choice deciding to see James Chance at the Rock Lounge. We finally located the club and were greeted at the front by a gorilla-type bouncer standing behind a wooden blockade. He carefully checked us over and we were soon on our way to pay our $8 cover charge at the front door. Inside there were atleast 400 people ranging from longhairs to 30 year old Pakistani business-men. Errol found a quiet spot on the floor near the garbage-can where he could rest his tired feet. The opening band was a middle-of-the-road funk band that had no name and did all originals...I didn't care much for them. There was then a 30 minute break and Chance came on with an all black back-up band. We made our way up to the front of the stage by Chance. They performed about 15 new songs I had never heard in their old style; most of the songs were good but the highlight of the evening came when Chance beat up on an obnoxious girl who was sitting on the stage flirting with him. A round of applause was due and came. The band got 2 encores and finished off the night with "Contort Yourself." This was the best show I saw while in New York.

- James

LIVE

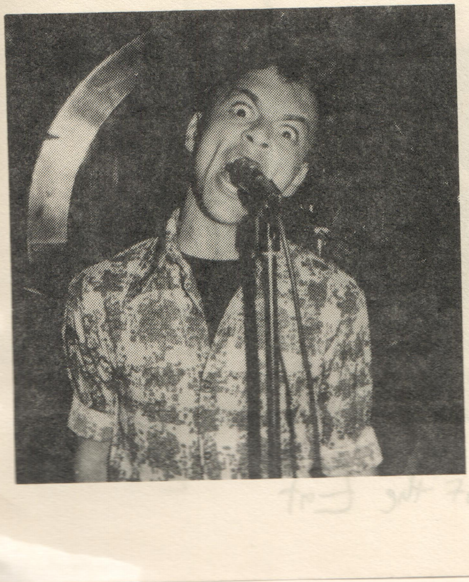
LEOPARDS, RUBBER THONGS
at the Turf Pub Feb. 27, 1981

The Rubber Thongs: new-wave meets vogue-punk and the subsequent result is boring, unimaginative post-punk dribble.

Having been repeatedly assured by my fellow (?) degenerates that the Leopards epitomized "Cubans doing punk rock four years too late", I missed their previous gigs, only to find myself (intentionally?) misinformed, seemingly due to the fact that the Leopards are comprised mostly of Cubans, "spics" to many. It sucks how people allow their prejudices to influence their judgement. An old proverb...Trust in one's self and ye shall reap the fruits of the valley...or something like that. I'll never make that mistake again. I had already resigned myself to spending yet another uninspiring evening contemplating the number of beers it would take to keep myself sufficiently inebriated when the Leopards took the stage. Their name and dress reek of new-wave but the noise I was hearing was suprisingly fresh. Calypso and reggae were interwoven into the fabric of their music and the musicianship was par excellent. This band reminds me of the Plugz, the L.A. band as well as the latest contingent of Los Angeles punk bands to emerge out of East L.A., i.e. the Stains, Los Illegals and the Undertakers. You can go on raving about the Straycats or any of the latest trendy British bands, I don't give a shit. The Leopards are a Miami band and one of the first signs of any new life here in S. Florida since Smegma's tumultuous arrival last year.

After the Turf we wandered down the street to the Playhouse Bar, notorious for its knifings and biker gangs, where Johnny Too Bad (Reactions) joined the guitarist there for a number of near-classic country/early 60's songs. Definitely a change from the usual and a hell of a way to end an evening. "I was bound by wild desire, I fell into a ring of fire."

- F. Astoria



CHARLIE PICKETT & THE EGGS, THE BOBS, COOKIES, ROLLIN-PINZ at the Rendevous
March 10, 1981

ROY & THE HAYHEADS, THE EGGS, THE EAT THE REACTIONS at the Balkan
Friday, the 13th of March 1981

The rock bands of South Florida have become guileless victims who we daily allow to be sacrificed. Witness Charlie Pickett at the Rendevous club Tuesday night. An indifferent new-wave/punk contingent failed to show - again - for one of our mainstay bands. To endure, any band needs eager support from fans. A no-show at the door means bands will not be booked again. If we bitch at the impoverished situation of live rock (contemporary), why not put aside our illusions and go when these bands get a venue?

The Bobs and Charlie Pickett were an excellent reason to charitably make the drive to Davie. The Bobs are clever and eager and presentable. Very reminiscent of early Talking Heads. Starkly humorous with worthwhile lyrics. Cutting rock down to the 3 piece minimum while supplying the lushness of the standard 4 piece set up.

Risking slanderous imputations, the other 3(2?) bands (it seemed like three) merely made me resentful. Don't remember their names. Don't care. Were irritable.

Charlie Pickett ended the night, a perfect foil to the Bobs with his cryptic rock-a-billy white socks genre/reelin and rockin. Barry(Tits) is an avid energetic guitarist. The Picketts make you want to Bop. Yousa!

Strangely, then, Friday brought the fallen angel basic blacks en masse for Charlie Pickett, Roy and the Hayheads, the Eat and the Reactions. What a glutinous line-up for a rock and roll junkie.

The night had a radiance, cramped yet vast, which made you want to absorb it before it evaporated. All the trivialities of the crowd, the weary envy, the attitudes, the moderating influence, the hostile section, the suprising vigor, the torrent of those committed to ideas. Maybe it was the soapers.

Roy and the Hayheads were first on the bill, very young and incapable of not having fun. Rock and mirth, they were infectious with their punk voodoo rock-a-billy spirituals.

Charlie Pickett's band was on second. History would kill this band were it not for the fact that pure rock and roll always persists. Like the Pirates, the Picketts rock the rafters and disregard trends.

The Reactions, Miami's ultimate teen expose group reminded us again why we buy records and enjoy BJ's in the back seat of cars.

The Eat played last. This band asks all the forbidden questions and then answers them with their own brand of mythological baseball rock. Socialism with a grinding backbeat. The intervals at which this band plays keeps your tongue hanging out.

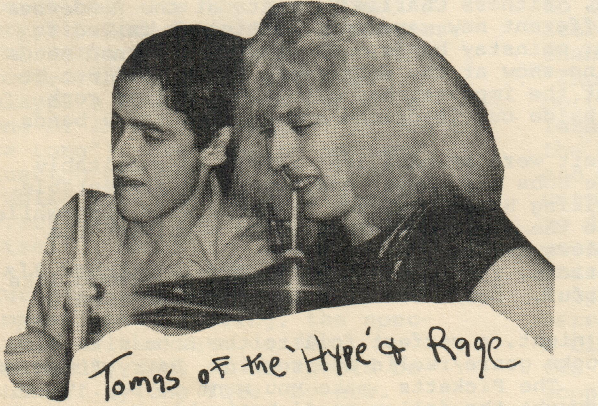
Concurrently, intervals here, are the important factor; local live bands will play at longer and yet obscure intervals if they continue to be neglected. Neglect breeds impassivity on the part of bands and club owners alike.

Well-being, vanity, greed and superfluity are pleasant masters whose innumerable crimes, daily committed through the centuries and never punished, ensure the happiness of those who profit from them and guarantee their own continued dominance. Unfortunately you see, I am my own master.

-FISH

LOCAL TRASH...

I find no great pleasure in so mundane a task as compiling information on the various going ons in this city's so-called alternative scene, but never-the-less I shall make a gallant attempt at the afore-mentioned task. The Reactions have finally realized that their fame and fortune lies elsewhere than Miami and have chosen New York City as their next home. Gigs are already lined up for the end of May at Zappa's, Tier 3 and other clubs there so if you're in the area be sure and catch em. Good luck, guys. The Agora continues their practice of harassment and with "new-wave" night once again beginning, get out your battle-gear. Now it's not only the patrons who are being harassed but the bands as well...

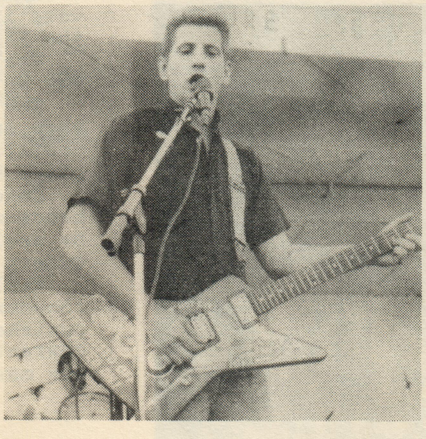


Tomas of the 'Hype' & Rage

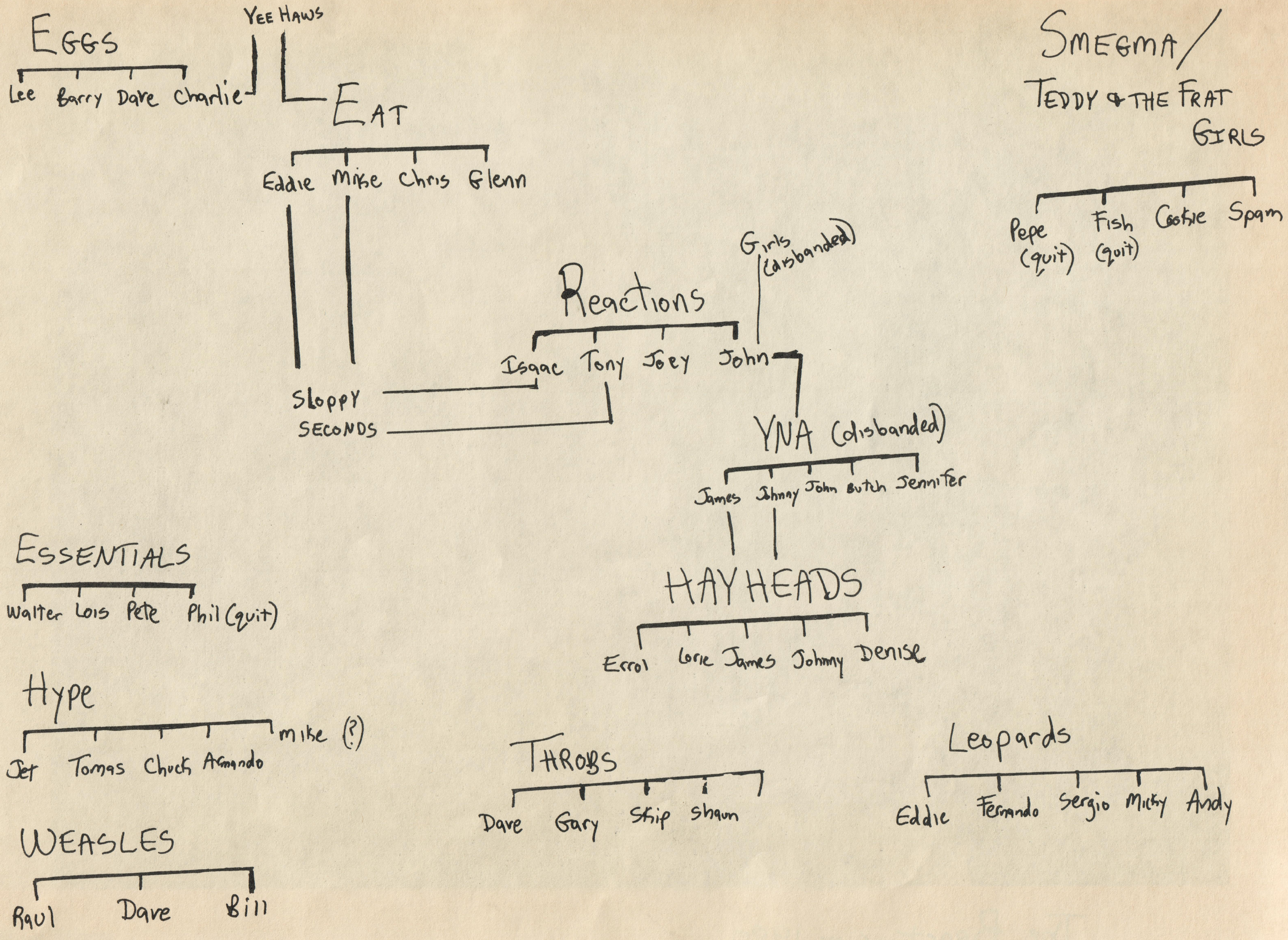
For those of you who still hold a special place in your heart for the BLUE WATERS, some bad news. The hotel is destined to be torn down come September so that condominiums can be erected on its sight. Fuckin shame. Johnny Cecka has a role in the upcoming feature film "Porky" now being filmed on Miami locations... James is spending the summer working in New Hampshire doing theater work... Errol and Bill are travelling in England and plan to hitch through Europe in May...Both the Hayheads and Hype debuted Friday the 13th of March at the Balkan; Denise (Darla) and Jet both make charasmatic frontmen...Phone Open Records club information line for info on the latest gigs at 522-3588.

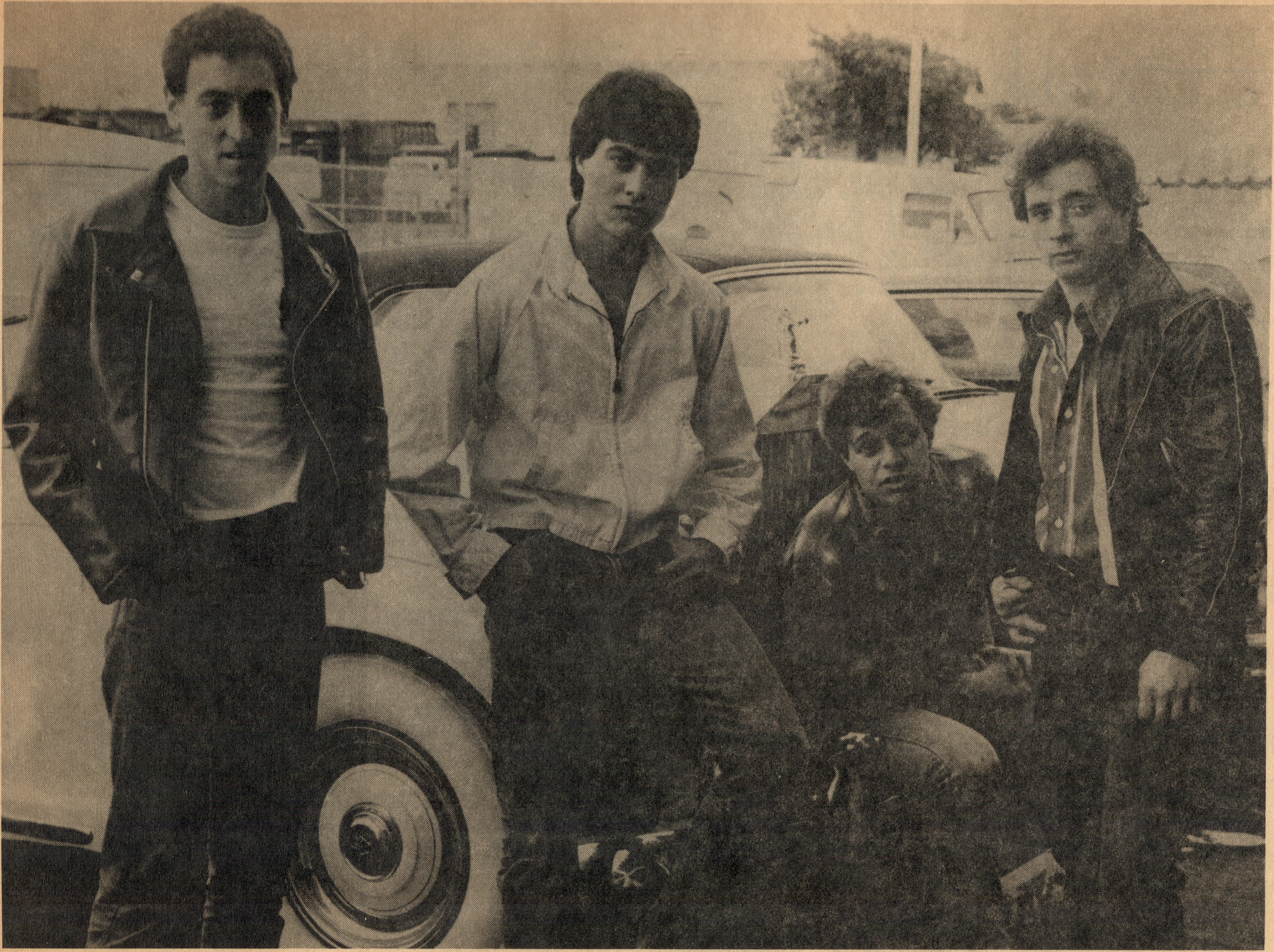
The 'Hayheads' in Alabama

If you want to amuse yourselves, try the New-Wave Lounge in Ft. Lauderdale...never have I seen so many jerks in the same place at the same time... The Throbs have rented a warehouse for rehearsal purposes and possibly will hold gigs there... The Hayheads are busy recording at Hayhead manor... Charlie Pickett and the Eggs are readying a 2nd single for release, I believe "If This Is Love I Want My Money Back." Speaking of the Eggs, they received a quite favorable review of their first single in the latest issue of NME... Isaac is busy scooping ice-cream at a local ice-cream parlor in Surfside... Teddy and the Frat Girls, Oozing Wounds, or whatever they're calling themselves these days have lined up several gigs in the Ft. Lauderdale/Palm Beach area; they'll be playing with several others bands from Cincinatti, Ohio the end of April...



Eddie Obrien of the 'Eat'


EGGS
Lee
Barry
Dave
Charlie
YEE HAWS
EAT
Eddie
Mike
Chris
Glenn
SMEGMA/
TEDDY & THE FRAT GIRLS
Pepe (quit)
Fish (quit)
Cookie
Spam
Girls (disbanded)
Reactions
Isaac
Tony
Joey
John
SLOPPY SECONDS
YNA (disbanded)
James
Johnny
John
Butch
Jennifer
HAYHEADS
Errol
Lorie
James
Johnny
Denise
ESSENTIALS
Walter
Lois
Pete
Phil (quit)
Hype
Jet
Tomas
Chuck
Armando
mike (?)
WEASLES
Raul
Dave
Bill
THROBS
Dave
Gary
Skip
Shaun
Leopards
Eddie
Fernando
Sergio
Micky
Andy



The Reactions - 1980